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From 'The Children's King.'—Religious Tract Society.

The Blind Man's Testimony.

(John Hay, late Secretary of State of the U. S. A.)

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For one upon whose dazzling eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way,
For he was blind.

And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore:
A prophet on the Sabbath Day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see, who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom rooted rock.
Their threats, their fury, all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;
Their sneers at Jesus and His band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One think I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They all were doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath Day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

The Bright Side of Growing Older.

(Frances Ridley Havergal, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.—Job. xi., 17.

I suppose nobody ever did naturally like the idea of getting older after they had at least 'left school.' There is a sense of oppression and depression about it. The irresistible, inevitable onward march of moments and years without the possibility of one instant's pause —a march that, even while on the uphill side of life, is leading to the downhill side—casts an autumn-like shadow over even many a spring birthday; for perhaps this is never more vividly felt than when one is only passing from May to June—sometimes earlier still. But how surely the Bible gives us the bright side of everything! In this case it gives three bright sides of a fact, which, without it, could not help being gloomy.

First, it opens the sure prospect of increasing brightness to those who have begun to walk in the light. Even if the sun of our life has reached the apparent zenith, and we have known a very noonday of mental and spiritual being, it is no poetic 'western shadows' that are to lengthen upon our way, but 'our age is to be clearer than the noonday.' How suggestive that word is! The light, though intenser and nearer, shall dazzle less; 'in thy light shall we see light,' be able to bear much more of it, see it more clearly, see all else by it more clearly, reflect it more clearly. We should have said, 'At evening time there shall be shadow;' God says, 'At evening time there shall be light.'

Also, we are not to look for a very dismal afternoon of life with only some final sunset glow; for he says it 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day;' and 'more and more' leaves no dark intervals; we are to expect a continually brightening path. 'The future is one vista of brightness and blessedness' to those who are willing only to 'walk in the light.' Just think, when you are seven or ten, or twenty years older, that will only mean seven, or ten, or twenty years' more experience of his love and faithfulness, more light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and still the 'more and more unto the perfect day,' will be opening out before us! We are 'confident of this very thing!'

The second bright side is increasing faithfulness. Do not let us confuse between works and fruit. Many a saint in the land

of Beulah is not able to do anything at all, and yet is bringing forth fruit unto God beyond the busiest workers. So that even when we come to the days when 'the strong men shall bow themselves,' there may be more pleasant fruits for our Master, riper and fuller and sweeter, than ever before. For 'they shall still bring forth fruit in old age;' and the man that simply 'trusteth in the Lord,' 'shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.'

Some of the fruits of the Spirit seem to be especially and peculiarly characteristic of sanctified older years; and do we not want to bring them all forth? Look at the splendid ripeness of Abraham's 'faith' in his old age; the grandeur of Moses' 'meekness' when he went up the mountain alone to die; the mellowness of St. Paul's 'joy' in his later epistles; and the wonderful 'gentleness' of St. John, which makes us almost forget his early character of 'a son of thunder,' wanting to call down God's lightnings of wrath. And 'the same Spirit' is given to us, that we too may bring forth 'fruit that may abound,' and always 'moral fruit.'

The third bright side is brightest of all: 'Even to your old age, I am he;' always the same Jehovah-Jesus; with us 'all the days,' bearing and carrying us 'all the days,' reiterating his promise—'even to hoar hairs will I carry you . . .; even I will carry and will deliver you,' just as he carried the lambs in his bosom. For we shall always be his little children, and 'doubtless' he will always be our Father. The rush of years cannot touch this!

'Fear not the westering shadows,
O Children of the Day!
For brighter still and brighter,
Shall be your homeward way,
Resplendent as the morning,
With fuller glow and power,
And clearer than the noonday,
Shall be your evening hour.'

On Sabbath Morning.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, the 'Ram's Horn.')

Continued from First Page Article of last week.

Mary sank upon her knees, and when she arose there were tears of joy in her eyes. Her temptation was a temptation no longer; she had put it so far from her that, with Christ between her and it, there was no question of yielding.

Helen Amory did not forget her guest of an hour. At first she was puzzled to know just where and when she had seen those dark, troubled eyes, then she remembered. It was a long list of articles she took with her, and she was very difficult to please on her next shopping excursion, but she managed to gain more than she had hoped for in the way of conversation with Mary Averill, who waited upon her, wondering a little, perhaps, at her caprice.

'I have thought of you so much since we met in church,' said Helen. 'Something in your face and attitude seemed to say "help me." Am I mistaken?'

'Oh, you have helped me!' Mary exclaimed eagerly. 'You were right. I did need help that day, and the beautiful service and your lovely hospitality to a stranger in your pew gave me just the help I needed. Then I went home and asked for help from another source; one I had neglected so long,' the dark eyes were brimming with tears, 'and I am so much happier now.'

'I am so glad.' Helen's bright face was luminous. 'You must let me be your friend, and friends talk freely to one another.'

'I should be so glad to. I am so alone—I think sometimes that no one cares—and then temptations come,' and a swift rush of color swept over her face, 'but I will try not to think so any more.'

'I care—and Christ cares, dear girl,' Helen exclaimed, earnestly. 'I have thought that I would like to try teaching in our Sabbath school, but have always doubted my ability. Come to church next Sunday, and we will spend the hour talking things over at least, if no more—that is if you are willing.'

'How willing I cannot tell you,' Mary replied eagerly. 'May I bring a friend with me—that little girl at the next counter? She is an orphan like myself, and so lonely.' And so a nucleus was formed of a work among working girls which led to results that greatly surprised Helen Amory. She found within herself an unsuspected gift, the gift of teaching, and her sweet ways bound these weary, lonely girls to her as with chains of steel which outside influences could not easily break. Mary's story opened her eyes more fully than they had ever been opened before to the dangers to which friendless girls in a city are exposed, and she became more earnest, more pitiful, more useful than she had ever dreamed of being, and with it all far happier.

And all because of the simple fact that she had welcomed, with cordial, Christian courtesy, the transient occupant of the family pew, on a rainy Sabbath morning. But stay. Was it not also of Christ's leading hand?

THE END.

A Notice to Churchgoers.

On the porch of the church where Mr. Gladstone worshipped when at Hawarden Castle, there is posted a notice containing counsels to church-goers which are worthy of being inscribed in the vestibule of every church. This is the notice:

'ON YOUR WAY TO CHURCH:

'On your way to the Lord's house be thoughtful, be silent; or say but little, and that little good.

'Speak not of other men's faults; think of your own, for you are going to ask for forgiveness.

'Do not stay outside; go in at once.

'Time spent within should be precious.

'IN CHURCH:

'Kneel down humbly and pray.

'Spend what time remains in prayer; remember the presence into which you have come.

'Do not look about to see who are coming in. It matters nothing to you; attend to yourself.

'Fasten yourself firmly on to the holy services.

'Join in the responses; do not miss a word.

'This requires a severe struggle; you have no time for vain thoughts. The blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere.

'AFTER CHURCH:

'Remain kneeling, and pray.

'Be intent.

'Do not be in haste to speak.

'The church is God's house even when the prayer is over.

'Be quiet and thoughtful as you go through the churchyard.

'ON YOUR WAY HOME.'

'Be careful of your talk, or the world will soon slip back into your heart.

'Remember where you have been and what you have done.

'Resolve, and try to lead a better life.'

The Postal Crusade.

With the closing of the year comes the expiring of many subscriptions on papers to India and other foreign lands. We trust that a new desire to be literary missionaries may spring up in the hearts of many readers of this paper.

Letters come from various sources telling of the pleasure given, and the profit derived from the teachings of the 'Northern Messenger.'

The year closes with no debt on the work, but it will begin with just 43 cents in the treasury, and $400 will be required to meet the present demand. In reply to requests for literature, supplies are going to India, South Africa, China, Assam and Egypt.

A small contribution from the army of readers of the 'Northern Messenger' will bring so much joy into the lives of many who cannot afford to subscribe for papers. Please send all your gifts to the 'Postal Crusade,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal, Que., and the list of missionaries who write so thankfully for part blessings, and so eager for future benefit will be supplied to the Editors by,

Yours Faithfully,
M. EDWARDS COLE.

'I am But One.'

Individual work is like fire running in stubble.

It takes all the sunbeams to make the sun.

Each insect must do its work to build the coral island.

Every stone must fill its place to make a wall.

One blade of grass is small, but enough of them can feed the cattle upon a thousand hills.

A pebble from a boy's sling felled the giant of Gath.

It was a little flame that made the great Chicago fire.

The prick of a pin suggested the phonograph.

The falling of one apple gave Newton the secret of gravitation.

One little lad helped Jesus feed the multitude.

A hundred gas jets are lighted by igniting one.

Andrew led Peter to Jesus. Peter preached one sermon, and 3,000 were converted.—Selected.

Are You Visiting?

Some people seem to think that Sabbath-keeping is something like one of the ordinances of their own town, which need not be kept when they are away from home. The most persistent church-goers at home, are known to spend the day visiting when away from home, without the slightest excuse. People who boast of their loyalty to their pastor and church seem to think they owe no loyalty to any other church or pastor, or to the God of the churches, when they are too far away from home to attend church there.—New York 'Observer.'

Do You Take a Weekly Paper?

You take your local weekly, of course, but you need something besides that, something of wider scope, and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' exactly fits your needs. 'An independent, fearless and forceful newspaper.' Latest news of the World, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Questions and Answers, valuable departments devoted to farm, garden and allied interests. Something for every member of the family. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. One dollar a year.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER V.

When Alice Hayes had returned to Throstle's Nest, she began to retail to her mother, in voluble speech, the great events of the afternoon, in which she had taken part.

'O mamma!' said she, 'we have had such a lovely time of it! Mr. Huddleston, let people say of him what they will, is a perfect gentleman. Well, not exactly perfect, you know; but perfect considering his—waht-you-may-call-it—his origin, and—all that, you know. Mother, don't you think there's a lot of sheer nonsense about all that sort of thing? What's origin to do with it? "A man's a man for a' that."'

'Don't you think that you are talking a good deal of sheer nonsense, Alice? I wish you would not run on so. You give me the headache, or rather, you make the one I have twice as bad, and that is needless, goodness knows. Take your hat off: sit down and be quiet.'

'Quiet, mother! Who can be quiet on such a day as this? Nobody ought to, for, as papa said in his speech, "this is an epoch in the history of Netherborough!" and didn't they cheer him when he said it; and—oh, I was going to tell you—Mrs. Huddleston took the bouquet I presented to her so nicely and sweetly, and said, "Thank you very much, my dear." She's a dear, I'm sure she is, and she's going to have a ladies' party, and—'

'Alice, dear!' said Mrs. Norwood Hayes, raising herself languidly from the sofa on which she was reclining, 'Excuse me, but I really must ask you to be silent. If you must relieve your mind by talking, go into the kitchen and tell Eliza and the cook all about it. They'll listen hard enough, and it really does not interest me, or rather, to put it more correctly, I am far too unwell to attend.'

So saying, the languid Mrs. Hayes sank back upon the cushions of the lounge, on which her limp form was bestowed; she allowed the 'drooping curtains of her eyes' to fall, and reverted to her normal condition of 'general washed-outness' in which her daughter Alice declared she spent her days; so she spent, also, the patience of other people, which was very dishonest of her, for that sort of coin ought always to be held in keeping by the owner.

It is true that there were times when there was a bright gleam in those light blue eyes of hers, and certain well defined patches of color on her cheeks. At such times as these she was very plentiful of speech herself, speech both 'voluble and vacuous,' that wicked Dr. Marcus Medway said. He ought to know, for it was given to him to hear the most of it; and not seldom, to join in, as volubly and vacuously as did the lady herself. All this, however, was dependent on what Sidney Smith used to call the 'inspiration of the sideboard,' and that useful article of furniture was kept carefully locked just now for prudential reasons. A private prohibitory act had been passed and put in temporary operation at Throstle's Nest.

As soon as Mrs. Hayes had thus effectually put the stopper on Alice's flow of speech, that young lady jumped from her seat, and sought more kindly and congenial companionship with 'Liza and the cook. It was something to her credit that she did not answer her mother with sharp words, for she was well able, and self-control under such circumstances is not easy.

She was a bonny lass, this young Alice Hayes; and now that the day's engagements had given brightness to her eyes and roses to her cheeks, she was, as the cook said, 'A perfec' pickshur.' If you could have seen and heard her as she told the sympathetic servants all about the turning of the first sod, you would not have wondered that Walter Bardsley, one of the most prominent and promising young men in Netherborough, regarded her as a prize to be wooed and won and held for life.

I am afraid this fresh, healthy, high-spirited young lady of eighteen summers, had not any very great amount of sympathy with her lackadaisical mother, who spent much of her time on the sofa, seeking to relieve the insipidity of life—on the homœopathic principle, I suppose—by loitering through perpetual volumes of insipidity in the shape of novels from the circulating library. Mrs. Hayes varied the monotony of her colorless existence by indulging in wine and other alcoholic stimulants whenever she could get them. It had come to be necessary to put her under the stress of certain definite limitations in this direction. When the deprivation was most felt, she was most ailing. Her nerves were then the most delicate and most finely strung, and her favorite enemies, palpitation of the heart and distracting headache, necessitated a relaxation of the bonds that kept the wine-cup from her longing lips.

As Mrs. Hayes lay among her cushions, listlessly turning the pages of the second volume of 'Almira; or, the Secret Bride,' the door of the sitting room was gently opened, and a tall, good-looking, well-proportioned youth entered. There was a smile on his pleasant face, which beamed with intelligence and good humor, as he passed over to the reclining lady, and gently kissed her forehead. Mrs. Hayes' face lighted up at the sight of him.

'Well, Cuthbert, dear, so you've found a moment to come and tell your mother of the doings in the Town Close. Has everything gone off well?'

It was evident that 'Cuthbert, dear,' was on a different footing with his mother than was the young lady who had been so effectively dismissed.

'First-rate, mammie,' was the cheery reply. 'I wish you had been there to see,' and in a few sentences he described the programme of the afternoon.

It was only at the close of his lively narrative that Mrs. Hayes relapsed into her lethargic condition.

'O, Bertie, dear,' she said, in a weak, weary voice, 'lay your hand on my head. Thank you; how deliciously cool! Yes; I should like to have been there with you. But,' she continued, with a sigh, as she turned wearily on the sofa, 'such enjoyments are not for me. It is mine to suffer, suffer, suffer. I feel as if I should glide swooning out of life,' and as she spoke, she looked it every whit; and sympathetic Bertie was distressed to see her.

'Poor, dear mammie,' he said, 'can I do anything for you. I wish I could stay with you; but I must go back to the office; father, you know, is busy to-day.'

'Don't trouble, darling. I'm used to solitude, and I would not like any living being to be saddened with such sorrowful company as mine, much less my Bertie.'

Mrs. Hayes dearly loved her boy, loved him in very truth, and yet at that moment she was looking to him to turn the prohibitory lock and give her the stimulus without which she felt that she must die!

Bertie sat a moment, thinking, and it was thus he thought: father is going to the banquet, I'm going to the cricket-field, Alice will be at the Bardsley's. Mammie must not be left like this. I will give her a glass of sherry, it will cheer her up a bit till some one of us returns.

'If you have one good glass of Madeira, dear, do you think it would do you good?'

'I think it would,' was the reply, given in a faint whisper. Cuthbert left the room, leaving the door open behind him, crossed the hall, and entered the dining-room which was just opposite. Having taken the side-board key from its secret nook, he filled a wine-glass with the coveted sherry, and bore it to his mother.

There was a strange pallor on her cheek as he re-entered, her hand was held upon her forehead, and lines of pain were drawn across her face.

'O, Bertie, dear, just run up to my bedroom and get me the strong salts from off the dressing-table. Quick, please.'

Cuthbert put down the glass, and went on the desired errand. In an instant Mrs. Hayes rose from the sofa, and passed out into the dining-room with an agile and cat-like tread. As she expected, the side-board door remained unclosed. To abstract a bottle of brandy, about half full, from its place, and to fly back to her place on the sofa, was barely half-a-minute's work. When Bertie returned the was lying languidly as before, with the stolen spirits hidden beneath the cushions of the lounge.

'I can't find it, mammie,' said Bertie, as he handed her the glass of wine.

'Never mind, dear, I'm better now;' but as she spoke her breath came and went in short spasms, a hectic flush had come upon her cheek, caused by her excited chase for drink, and for a few moments Cuthbert stood, uncertain what to do.

'You had better lock the side-board, Bertie,' she said. 'It does not do to be careless in such matters where there are servants about. I shall be all right now.'

That fiction about the servants was Mr. Norwood Hayes' little stratagem from avoiding any humiliation to his wife by the locking up of the decanters. A very kind and thoughtful man was Mr. Hayes.

'I shall be all right now,' Mrs. Hayes had said to her son as he retired. That evening, while Bertie was handling bat and ball, enjoying life to the full with merry comrades in the light of the setting sun; while Mr. Norwood Hayes was banqueting at the 'Netherborough Arms,' and drinking healths in 'generous liquor,' the poor lost mother and wife was found on the floor by the servants, helplessly drunk. They carried her to her bed, and laid her on it as they found her, and left her there. Look in upon her for one moment. Her hair frowsy and frumpled, her face red, dark red, all but purple in its hue, her eyes partly open, but with no light in them but a stare, her mouth open, and the breath coming in long, stertorous snores, her hands and arms stretched out widely, as if she lay fastened to a cross, as indeed she did, crucified, all that was womanly of her, by that masked and murderous assassin, strong drink. At that very time Mr. Norwood Hayes had the wine-glass at his lips, and was drinking a health 'to the ladies' in the club-room of the 'Netherborough Arms!' Yet Mr. Norwood Hayes was a Christian, the deacon of a Christian church, and a good man. I, who knew him, repeat it and affirm it—a very good man indeed.

Yet, surely, surely, there was something wrong somewhere. What was it?

Mr. Hayes was quite a pillar of the non-conforming church that worshipped in 'Zion' Chapel, and with which Aaron Brigham had been allied for full three score years. He had no strong temptations to contend with, and was often led to wonder how it was that he had no weakness of the flesh that some good men have to struggle with as if for dear life. He was a strong-minded man. He could take his one, two, or three, glasses of wine or other alcoholic beverage with impunity; and he had nothing but strong words and some measure of contempt alike for those who could not

drink moderately, and for those who would not drink at all.

'What is wine for,' he would say, 'but to be drunk, and what is a man worth if he has not grit enough to push the bottle away when he has had enough? There's reason even in the roasting of eggs.'

Of course such reasoning as this was unanswerable. There was the ring of common sense and self-government about it that demanded assent, and that touch about the eggs had some mysterious and occult force in it that made opposition to appear contemptible.

Mr. Hayes had a way with him, a winning and convincing manner that had a silencing effect of themselves. He spoke in tones that were tuned to honesty through all their gamut. He was a man of great local influence, and, as I have said before, a good man, and an honor to 'Zion,' of which he was the stay and the pride. His daughter, Alice, was proud of him, as she well might be. She was proud of his manly figure, of his superior intelligence, of his eloquence, and aptitude of speech. She often affirmed that if her father's lot had been cast at York, instead of Netherborough, he would most assuredly have become lord mayor of that ancient city.

Is there any wonder, then, that young Walter Bardsley, head over ears in love with Alice, saw in her father a model man, a man worthy of imitation, and, indeed, it was seen and known of all men that 'his fine young fellow had chosen Mr. Norwood Hayes as a pattern man, after whom he might well shape his own social and public life. Not that Walter Bardsley held his model to be perfect. According to his strong judgment, Mr. Hayes had one fault, and that a serious one—he was not a total abstainer. Walter had strong views on this subject, and did not hesitate to publish them, though a 'fanatic' of that sort, fifty years ago, had no easy time of it.

'If only Mr. Hayes would come over to our side on the drink question,' Walter used to say, he would be a man without a flaw.'

(To be Continued.)

The Awakening of Bud.

(Gertrude Norton, in 'Onward.')

It had been raining all night, and now, at ten o'clock, a slow drizzling rain was still falling. Farmer Kaylor sat by the window examining some papers, a troubled look on his face.

Although it was June the air was cold and damp, and a fire had been kindled in the wide fireplace, before which the farmer was toasting a swollen, rheumatic foot.

Three sharp rings at the telephone— the call for the Kaylor farm on the rural line—startled him, and taking up his crutch he hobbled over to the wall and put the receiver to his ear. A few moments he conversed with some one in town; then he went to the back door, opened it hurriedly, and called to a boy of seventeen who was working in the barn.

'I want you to saddle Old Sorrel and ride over to Dilworth right away, Jack,' he said. 'Lawyer Bristow has just telephoned me to send the papers in the Hiller case over at once. He must have them by four o'clock without fail.'

Jack came out of the barn, a wrench in his hand. He was of athletic build, his manner alert, and there was something about him that inspired confidence in his ability to do things.

'I must fix the binder so as to be ready for work as soon as the rain ceases,' he said. 'There's no one on the place to do it but me, and if you could send Bud—'

His father cut him off with a gesture of impatience.

'You know I couldn't trust such important business in Bud's hands,' he said. 'He is too careless and indolent. I'm afraid he'll never amount to anything. You'll have to go. We have got to get those papers over to town, or I shall be out a thousand dollars. You see, I can't go, and you are the only one I can trust to do it. It would never do to depend on Bud in such emergency.'

'All right, Father, I'll start at once,' replied Jack, and he hurried into the stable.

Bud Kaylor, who was two years younger than Jack, was just entering the kitchen with a string of fish, and as he heard his father's words he threw up his head with a sudden jerk. His face grew red and then paled. He dropped on a stool while the string of fish slid unnoticed to the floor.

Bud had always been easy-going, slow, and a little inclined to avoid over-exercise. But it was not wholly his own fault. His father was perhaps a little too indulgent and allowed his boys to do pretty much as they pleased. Then Jack had always been put in charge of everything, and Bud had come to look upon himself as a sort of subordinate, to be dictated to by Jack. He rarely had any responsibility resting on him, and so had drifted lazily through his fifteen years.

But now as he thought of his father's words they stung him to the quick. Was it possible that he was so worthless and indolent? He had never thought it before. A sense of shame and humiliation came over him. The latent fire in his nature was slowly kindling into a flame.

He arose quickly and went into the front room and stood before his father.

'Father, I will take the papers over to Dilworth and let Jack go on with his work on the binder,' he said.

'I guess I'd better send Jack,' replied Mr. Kaylor. 'It's an important matter, Bud, and you're not the best one to send. I have no doubt that the river is up, and there may be some trouble in getting over the ferry.'

'All right, father,' replied Bud, and there was a quaver in his voice as he spoke. Then he left the room without another word.

Five minutes later Jack galloped away in the direction of Dilworth, while Bud walked out across the lot and stood under the shed watching the drizzling rain.

As he stood thus he could hear the roaring of Cedar River, a mile away—roaring as he had never heard it but once before, and that was when the bridge was washed out three years before.

'I guess the river's on the rampage, sure enough,' he mused. 'I shouldn't wonder if the ferry is washed away, and in that case Jack can't get to Dilworth. I guess I'll run across the hill and see.'

He slipped through the gate and leaped lightly up a steep path that ran across a spur of the mountain toward the river. Halfway up the slope he met Hiram Sellers, who lived over in the bottoms.

'The river hain't bin as high in three years!' exclaimed Sellers. 'I tell ye it's a sight to look at. The whole surface is covered with driftwood, and a jam of it broke the ferryboat into splinters, 'an' thar won't be no crossin' for a week.'

Bud uttered a gasp of surprise and hurried on. It was plain that Jack could not cross, and how would the papers be got to Dilworth?

It would be a great disappointment to his father—and a heavy loss. There ought to be some way to cross the river. There might be a small boat that could be got.

As he descended the bank he met Billings, the ferryman.

'I'm mighty glad you came,' he said, 'Jack was terribly put out when he found the ferryboat gone, and he would try to cross in a little skiff But before he got fairly out in the stream he got drawed in between some big logs and the boat was smashed to splinters in a wink. He might have been killed, and it seems like a miracle that he was not. As good luck would have it, there was a lot of men close by, and they managed to help him out, but it was a close call, and he's considerably bruised up.'

'O, is he hurt much?' cried Bud, in alarm.

'I reckon not. But I 'low he won't try to cross the river any more to-day. He's up at my house. I got some dry clothes for him to put on, and he'll be all right perty soon. O, he's a plucky chap, Jack is, and he's all broke up about not gittin' across the river. Better run up an' talk with him.'

Bud found Jack sitting in an easy chair, his arm in a sling, his face bruised, but he was full of impatience.

'It's just awful that I didn't get across,' he declared. 'Those papers must be got to Dilworth somehow. I'm about knocked out of the game, as you can see, but if you can find any chance to get across the river I'm willing to try again.

'You mustn't do anything of the kind,' replied Bud. 'You have already done enough, and now it is my turn. Give me the papers, Jack, and if the river can be crossed, I am going to cross it!'

Jack glanced at his brother in amazement. He could hardly believe his sense of hearing. Was it really Bud who was standing there before him with that resolute air and firmness of speech?

'Why, Bud, you don't mean to try to cross, do you? 'Jack exclaimed.

'I'm going to see what can be done, replied Bud. 'You are not able to make another trial.' Some one ought to do it, and I guess I'm the one.'

He took the papers, thrust them into his inside pocket, and hurried back to the brink of the river. His hopes sank as he looked on the turbulent flood. There was not another boat to be had, the men told him, and if there were it would be a dangerous business to try to cross the river in it.

A sawmill and all its supply of logs had been washed away some ten miles above, they said, and in some places the course of the river was almost choked with floating debris.

Some two hundred yards below where they were standing Bud could see an immense raft of logs lodged against the bank, and as its loose end turned into the current it struck against a great tree that was lodged on some jagged rocks that pierced the foaming water and came to a stop. Other floating masses quickly followed, and in five minutes a line of driftwood had formed across the river, reaching from bank to bank.

Once it was formed, it grew rapidly, widening every moment. Bud saw it and ran down the bank.

'I'm going to try to get across yonder before the jam breaks,' he said to those standing near.

'You're not goin' to do anything uv the kind!' broke in Billings, walking swiftly after Bud. 'It would be a foolhardy trick! Why, it is as much as a feller's life is worth to start across on that jam——'

But Bud was already racing toward it. He leaped down the steep bank, caught the branches of a willow as he went down, and swung himself onto the raft. A cry rose from

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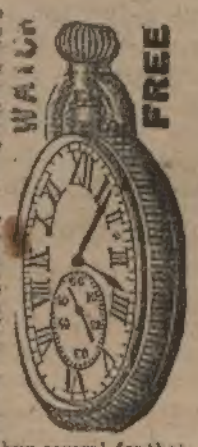

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For selling 18 copies of the "CANADIAN PICTORIAL" at 10 cents each, as above you secure a Fountain Pen, full size, with gold nib, fine, medium or stub.

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Cash in advance, at rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once just as soon as you remit for the first. Each premium to be earned by papers of the same month.

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the men on the shore, but it was drowned in the roaring of the waters.

Bud never paused to look behind. He knew the danger that threatened him at every step, but somehow he did not feel afraid. He was strong and active and felt equal to the task.

He ran lightly along the raft, and, reaching the end, leaped to a mass of logs beyond. Beneath him the foaming waters were pitching and struggling with a sound like the roll of incessant thunder. The whole mass was swaying and vibrating as if an earthquake was struggling beneath. But he never paused.

He did not know that a number of spectators were watching him from each bank, but kept his eyes on the tangle of logs and congested debris that ran in a long jagged chain across the river.

Every moment the strain on the mass was increasing. The rapid collecting of the driftwood against the jam was fast choking the stream. Plunging beneath the mass, the angry waters thundered and pitched with hoarse detonations as the whirling freight was sucked into the throat of the stream.

An incessant grinding and snapping of timbers ran through the mass, and now and then a piece of broken timber would shoot upward through it to fall crashing back again.

Once one of these had barely missed Bud as he leaped across a wide gap, but he was constantly on the alert and dodged it before it could descend upon him.

He had now reached the middle of the frail bridge, and as he looked ahead he saw, out of the corner of his eye, something that made the blood in his veins leap with sudden energy.

A great tree, which had become uprooted by the flood, was coming rapidly down the current and must soon strike the frail structure the tide had flung across the stream. In an instant he realized the danger, and he leaped forward with all haste that he might pass it before it should strike.

Faintly, above the roar of the water, he could hear the shouts of those on shore warning him of the threatened danger.

The current in which the tree floated was running like a mill race and curling above the jagged rocks below in patches of angry foam. The tree, turning as it came, rolled over and over, churning the water into foam.

When within twenty yards of the bridge the roots caught in the rocks of the channel. There was a loud grinding sound, and then the tree, forced on by the rush of waters, rose majestically out of the flood, shaking the waters from its mighty branches as it rose. For one moment it stood as if rooted in the stream, then it reeled downward as if struck by a mighty wind, and fell crashing into the quivering bridge.

A cry of horror came from the shore, for some of the spectators fully believed that Bud had been caught in the trap, but the next instant they saw him leap clear of the wreck and speed swiftly on his way.

They took off their hats and cheered him now, but he never heard, for the gravest danger still threatened him. As the tree fell crashing into the mass of driftwood a prolonged roar of breaking timbers arose, and then the bridge parted in twain as the tree ploughed its way through it, and quick as a flash the timbers went tumbling into the rapids below.

Bud felt the logs on which he was running move beneath him as they swung toward the centre of the stream, and he knew that the whole structure was going to pieces. There was not a moment to lose. He knew this, but he also realized that he must keep his wits about him. A single misstep might plunge him into the stream.

He was now nearing the shore, but already that end of the frail bridge had parted from it, and every instant the gap was widening. Bud was quick to see this and prepared himself for the emergency. Gathering all his energy, he sped on. He reached the gap—now a full twelve feet in width—and in an instant he leaped for the shore. He landed at the very edge of the stream, pulled himself firmly on the bank, and stood panting for breath.

A prolonged cheer went up from the crowds on both shores.

Bud, flushed with pleasure, took off his hat, and waving it in response to the cheers turned and ran up the steep bank into the road that led to Dilworth.

An hour later, while Jack, who had returned home, was telling his father the story of Bud's daring and successful trip across the river, the telephone sounded, and Bud announced that the papers had been safely delivered to Bristow, and that he was to remain a guest of the lawyer till it was safe to cross the river. 'My bridge is washed out, you know,' he added, 'and I sha'n't be able to get back before to-morrow.'

And the next day when he returned the whole family gathered about him to hear the story of his adventure from his own lips, but he declared there was nothing to tell.

'You might have been killed,' said Mr. Kaylor, with emotion. 'I feel proud of your courage, but I would not have you do such a rash thing again for all I am worth.'

'I know you wouldn't, father,' replied Bud, 'but I wanted to take the papers to town, and then—I hated to have you think I was not fit to send on an errand——'

'I shall never think so again,' said the father, fondly placing his arm about Bud.

And he never did.

ONE STITCH AT A TIME.

'What is the secret of your beautiful work?' asked a friend, looking at an exquisite piece of crochet work wrought by the lady to whom the question was addressed.

'There is no secret about it,' replied the lady; 'I only make every stitch as perfect as I can. There isn't a wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake, I ravel it out and correct it.'

One perfect stitch at a time! So the fabrics of lace worth fabulous prices are made. So the exquisite embroideries are wrought. So the costly garments of men and women are put together. One perfect stitch at a time.

The noblest lives are lived—one moment at a time. No moments carelessly or viciously spent. Be faithful in that which is least.—Selected.

Individual Subscriber's Advantage.

Individual subscribers are invited and recommended to take advantage of the clubbing rates, whereby they can have their selection of one or more additional papers at a merely nominal rate, and those who like pictures will find in the 'Canadian Pictorial' many that are worth hanging on the wall. See our remarkable clubbing offers elsewhere in this issue.

EXPIRING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The time has arrived when subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' whose subscriptions terminate January 31st should send their remittance.

For new introductions the 'Northern Messenger' depends upon the kind efforts of its friends who have given their hearty co-operation in the past. We will look for your renewal in good time this year, and would greatly appreciate the addition of a list of new subscriptions at the same time.

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Nearly all British countries (Montreal city and surburbs always excepted) and the United States and all her dependencies are included in above offers without extra postage.

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No Place Like Home.

'There, my lot are off to school now, and I shall have an hour's peace,' and Mrs. Cooper paused at the fence to speak to her next-door neighbor, when she had made this remark half aloud.

'Yes, it is a comfort to have them out of the way for an hour or two,' said her neighbor, 'but it's pleasant to have them come running home again as though there was no place like home to them.'

'Ah! That's all very well now, but wait until the boys get older and quarrel with each other, or with the girls, and then you won't be so glad to have them running home from

'AND WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY.'

school, I know. There is my Tom now! The moment he comes in he turns the house upside down somehow.'

Mrs. Cooper was a careful, tidy woman, hating dirt and disorder, torn clothes and untidy ways, and certainly Tom was a trial to such a woman's patience. He rarely came home from school without a rent in jacket or trousers, and it seemed easier to him to kick the door-mat from one end of the passage to the other than to wipe his feet upon it. And yet he was a merry, good-tempered, kind-hearted lad, although such a source of vexation to his mother.

Lately, however, he had not troubled her much after tea, and this afternoon he came in, snatched up a slice of bread and butter from the tea-table and rushed out again, tumbling his little brother over at the street door as he went out.

'Where's Tom?' asked his father when he came into tea.

'Gone out, and I'm glad to get rid of him,' said his wife, 'for there is no peace in the house where he is. He knocked Jack down and hurt his arm, and never stopped to pick him up again.'

Mr. Cooper was a night watchman at some works in the neighborhood, and consequently did not know what time Tom came in from these evening rambles. His wife did not tell him that they were gradually extending, until she seldom saw Tom now from the time he came in from school and snatched up his bread and butter until her bed-time—ten o'clock.

'Your father says you are not to be out all the evening,' she said the next day when he came down to breakfast, but beyond this Mrs. Cooper made no effort to keep the boy indoors, and, as he said to his friends, 'things were not so comfortable at home in the evening that he should want to stay there when he knew his mother did not want him.'

So Tom returned home later and later, until at last there came a night when Mrs. Cooper waited in vain for her son's return, and at last she was obliged to fulfil her oft-repeated threat, and go to bed, locking him out to sleep where he could.

But Tom came in the next morning looking well, with a few hay seeds sticking in his hair and about his clothes, telling where he had slept.

His mother was rather cross, but told him to make haste and wash himself, and brush these off before his father came home, and so the matter passed over without Cooper hearing anything of the boy's escapade. After this it became a frequent occurrence for Tom Cooper to sleep in the fields; and that he was mixed up with bad companions, who robbed orchards and pilfered from small shops in the neighborhood soon began to be whispered among the gossips, although neither mother nor father heard of this for some time.

Tom gave less trouble to his mother at home because he was out so much, and so little check was put upon these delinquencies, until one day, when seven shillings were missed from the mantelpiece in the kitchen.

It had been placed there the night before by his father in readiness for the landlord, who was expected to call for the rent the next morning.

Mrs. Cooper had not seen it, and asked her husband for it when he came in at breakfast-time. 'I put it on the mantelpiece before I went out last night,' he replied, turning to look where he expected to find the money.

But it was not there, and Mrs. Cooper declared she had not seen it.

'Well, that is very funny,' and Cooper took all the money out of his pocket and counted it to convince his wife in that way that he must have put the seven shillings out ready for the landlord.

'Well, I am sure I have not touched it,' replied his wife.

'Then somebody else has,' and father and mother returned once more to the kitchen to search for it, while the children got ready for school and went off, leaving them still searching in the cupboard and drawers for the missing money.

Mrs. Cooper had just been telling her landlord how the rent had disappeared from the mantelpiece, and was asking him to wait until they could find it or replace it, when a policeman knocked at the door, and asked, in a rather gruff voice, if Tom Cooper lived there.

'Yes, he does, but he's at school now,' said Mrs. Cooper, wondering what they could want Tom for, and fearing he might have broken somebody's window during his evening's play.

But she soon found that it was a far more serious matter than a broken window. Tom and three or four other lads had been taking fruit and flowers from some gardens. The others had been taken into custody, while Tom paid one person whose garden was damaged, seven shillings by way of compensation. But there were other charges besides, and he was wanted now to share the imprisonment of these.

The policeman was evidently surprised to find that the lad he had come to arrest was a boy attending school, and the son of decent respectable people, and he could well understand that he had been led astray by those who were older than himself. But what could he do? Tom must go with him to appear before the magistrate, who had put back the others until Tom could be brought up with them.

'And where did you get the money with which you tried to buy off these companions of yours?' asked the magistrate, after a few other questions.

Tom's head sunk still lower. 'It was my father's sir,' he said.

The end of it was that Tom's new friends were sent to prison for three months, and Tom felt he had had a very narrow escape of sharing their fate, but he was allowed to go back with his father on promising to avoid bad companions for the future.

'Oh, father, I have been a wicked boy,' sobbed Tom when they reached home, and he had made a full confession of his misdeeds.

'Yes, you have, my boy, and I hope you will ask God to forgive you and help you to keep out of the way of temptation for the future,' but as he said this, Cooper glanced significantly at his wife. He could not but think that if Tom had not been made to feel that he was in the way at home, he would never have sought or been thrown in the way of such bad companions.—Emma Leslie, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

A Recitation.

(By Robert E. Brown.)

One prayer I pray to Thee, dear Lord, to-day,
As this new year its doors wide open swing:
Just this—that I may feel with Thee
The pain, the joy, the dark, the light its days may bring.

This heart is hard, insensuate, cold, dear Lord,
Feels scarce at all the world's deep grief and sin.
Oh, make it feel—'twill quicken at Thy word—
The nameless sorrows of its human kin.

Teach me to feel, dear Lord, that I may weep,
When sorrow's night falls on the souls of men.
Teach me to feel delight both true and deep
When joy's glad morning lights the soul again.

Thus shall my journey through the golden year
Enrich my life in new and wondrous ways.
And Thou, dear Lord, wilt show through me more clear
The joyous, tender gospel of Thy grace,

A Word to the Boys.

If you have anything to do, do it at once, Don't sit down in the rocking chair and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first. Keep this motto, Be on time in small things as well as great. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get 'left' in the important things of life. If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, make a great effort to cure yourself. Brace up! Make up your mind that you will have some backbone. Don't be a limp, jelly-fish kind of a person. Depend upon it, that life is very much as you make it. The first thing to decide is, What are you going to make it? The next thing is to take off your coat and go to work. Make yourself necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men who wouldn't be missed if they should drop out of it to-morrow. Don't be one of this sort. Be a power in your own little world, and then, depend upon it, the big world will hear from you.—'Standard.'

The Bishop's Lesson.

(By the late Mary Bradley, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

There was of old a noble dame
To whom a reverend Bishop came,
Seeking to prove a certain thing
Whereat had been much marvelling.
He found her fair to look upon,
Clad in bright raiment like the sun;
And happy children round her played,
Their mirth unchecked by any fear,
While silver-sounding music made
Her palace echo with sweet cheer;
But naught that to his pious mind
Showed holy living could he find.

So, much perplexed, he questioned her
What means of grace she did prefer;
And was it fasting unto prayer,
Or did she use the shirt of hair,
And spend the night upon her knees
In tears and doleful penances?
'Nay,' answered she, her lovely eyes
Uplifted in a meek surprise;
'Nay, Father! surely these things be
For the great saints,—not such as me.
And, sooth to say, we spend our days
In none but sweet and joyful ways.'

'But yet some virtue unconfest,'
Quoth he, 'must dwell within thy breast,
Else why this miracle? Men say
That, whether fair or foul the day,
Always the sun sheds golden light
Above thine housetop. And by night,
Though murk elsewhere the shadows be,
Still shines a mellow moon for thee.'

'Yea, Father,' softly she replied,
'The wonder cannot be denied;
But we,—since sun and moon fulfil,
As all things must, our Lord his will,—
We dwell therein with glad content,
And do not ask why light is sent.'

The Bishop pondered, wondering
Why God should do so great a thing
For saintliness that after all,
By her own showing, was so small;
Then suddenly he turned him round
Another question to propound:
'Dame, doest thou love the Lord?' asked he,
And she made answer joyfully:
'Yea, from my heart. By day and night,
To love him is my chief delight.'

At which the good man bent his head,
With sudden shame discomfited;
The robe of his self-righteousness
That once had seemed so fair a dress,
A thing 'of shreds and patches' grew,
Seen from another point of view,
And 'God be thanked,' with humble mind
He said at last, 'that I was blind,
But now I see.' And on his way
He went rejoicing from that day,
This lesson learned: In perfect peace
God keeps the heart that loves him well;
Its joy shall evermore increase,
And in his sunshine it shall dwell.

The Capacity of a Dollar.

Sometimes a boy may think that a dollar only represents one hundred cents, and what that total can buy at current prices.

A. T. Stewart, a one-time merchant prince of New York, on being asked: 'What is a dollar worth?' replies as follows: 'A dollar is the start of a fortune, or the wreck of a life. It is worth what you make it. Take it carelessly and it may lead to ruin. Used wisely it may bring joy to all the world. A dollar's worth is not in itself, not in the standard of valuation fixed by the government, but in yourself.

'In what it does in your hands a dollar can be made worth much less than a penny, or more than all the wealth of the world heaped up. If in your handling of it joy, faith, industry and love are promoted it is impossible to say how much it is worth.

'On the other hand if you send it into lies, drunkenness, debts, bad living, the misery which it can entail, through you, is determined by the one word, Sorrow.

'So I say money—the dollar—has no value for weal or for woe, except as the possessor of it uses it for good or evil. The most dangerous thing in this world to handle is money, and at the same time, rightly used, it is one of the most powerful instruments for good.

'The dollar's value rests with your own conscience and actions.—The 'Boy's World.'

Our Thoughts.

Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

As Charles Kingsley says: 'Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.'

And, on the other hand, loving thoughts will produce loving acts; and a generous; kindly way of regarding others in our own minds will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.—Robert E. Speer.

Good Speech.

Think not, because thine inmost heart means well,
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech; sweet words
Are like the voices of returning birds
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer,
Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair. —Archibald Lampman.

Why Popcorns Pop.

Can you tell why popcorns pop? If you can give no satisfactory explanation, perhaps the following will interest you:

A grain of popcorn is a receptacle filled with tightly packed grains. Its interior is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be regarded as a tiny box, with walls strong enough to resist considerable pressure from within. When heat is applied the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam, which finally escapes by explosion.

In order to secure a satisfactory popping there is required a very high heat, which causes most of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then turns literally inside out, and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow-white starch, beautiful to the eye.

Though gaining so largely in bulk by popping, the grain of corn loses considerable in weight. It has been found that one hundred average grains of unpopped corn weigh thirteen grams, whereas the same number of grains after popping weigh only eleven grams. The difference is the weight of the evaporated water originally contained in the corn grains.

If the popcorn is old and dry it will not pop well. At best, a few cells near the centre of the grains will burst and the result is not satisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where the latter are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be the dryest and it is noticed that these cells are seldom ruptured in the popping.—The 'Young Evangelist.'

One Little Word.

A word was spoken, a cheery word,
And it fell like a song on the ears that heard
And sad hearts took up the sweet refrain
That lightened their burdens and eased their pain.
Frowns were smoothed from the anxious brow,
Lips that were pouting are smiling now,
Tears disappeared as the dew 'neath the sun
And life grew brighter for everyone.

A child, in his gentle, loving way,
Had spoken a pleasant word that day.

A word was spoken, a hasty word,
And the peaceful air into tumult stirred.
The summer sunshine seemed strangely dim.
As voices grew sharp and faces grim.
Light tasks were begun with complaint and sigh.
As the tedious hours dragged wearily by,
As the rose-hue of life turned to dismal gray
As the one little word went its dreary way.

A child, in its thoughtless, petulant way,
Had spoken an angry word that day.

Oh, children, be thoughtful to old and young,
And set a watch on the heedless tongue!
Let thy thoughts be kind and thy voices light
While lips are smiling and eyes are bright;
Let thy heart's warm sunshine light the day,
And the roses of peace spring along the way
And think when by angry passion stirred
How much power lies in one little word!

—Selected.

A Girl's Allowance.

How much should a girl's allowance be? If yours is smaller than another girl's you feel just a wee bit abused, as though you were not treated well. But, you see, mother gives you what she can, and maybe her allowance is not as much as her friends find in their purses. Until you are there yourself you fancy father and mother do not want the things they cannot have, but I assure you, this is not so. Very often they want their something quite as much as you want your something. If, then, you ask how much allowance a girl should have, I can only say that mother is the best judge of that.—'Morning Star.'

A TRIO OF BRIGHT WESTERN BOYS.

Just after our announcement of Archie McQueen, of British Columbia, as our youngest 'Pictorial' agent, we learned that two little chaps who had successfully handled this popular paper, were also aged only five years and six years respectively. Curiously enough one is from Alberta, one from Saskatchewan; so that this trio of businesslike laddies are all west of Manitoba. We have not yet come across anything equal to that further east; can Manitoba match the record?

The names of the energetic trio are:

ARCHIE McQUEEN, British Columbia.
R. LESTER HARRISON, Alberta.
H. BAIRD CAIRNS, Saskatchewan.

Master Lester Harrison has earned a watch, and is only six years old, while little Baird Cairns, aged five only, sold his dozen in two afternoons of an hour each, earned a big jack-knife, and has his order on file for the January number to be sent him as soon as ready.

If little boys can do such good work it is not strange that bigger boys are earning their monthly pocket money. But large or small, we are glad to hear from you. Send postal for package to start on and full instructions. See description of Watch, Pen and Knife elsewhere in this issue. A special rate if you want to work on commission and will send us cash with order and so save book-keeping. Write for our terms. Orders filled promptly.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,'
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Be sure to read the contents of January Number in the large advertisement on another page, so you will know what to promise your customers.

LITTLE FOLKS

Billy, by Himself.

(By S. E. Winfield, in 'The Child's Hour.')

I am a little cocker spaniel. Do you know what a cocker spaniel is? If you ever went to a dog show, perhaps you do. I'm small and black and curly—that is, sort of curly, not tight, screwed-up curls, like those hideous French poodles; and after my mistress brushes and combs me I shine like silk. I'm a perfect picture to look at, and smart—well, I don't know of a smarter dog than I am. That doesn't sound quite right, either; it almost sounds as if I were bragging, or conceited, or other unpleasant things. But, you see, my mistress is always saying, 'Billy, you are a beauty!' Then when the other girls come in to call on her she will say, 'Billy was awfully cute this morning,' and the others all chorus, 'Isn't he a little dear?' 'He is too sweet for anything,' until I feel exactly as I did when I ate too many chocolate creams once. Then I think too much flattery is bad for dogs as well as children; it makes us too proud of ourselves.

There is one thing I am afraid of, and that is of growing fat. I know a pug which is a sight because he is so fat, and how he eats! Sometimes I don't eat as much as I want to, because I won't grow fat, and I don't get exercise enough. I go out to walk with my mistress, but she only potters round the town; she never goes on long walks.

Now, when we went up to New Hampshire it was different. I hated to go because I like my own home best. I like my own cushion and blanket to sleep on, and I like my own piazza to lie on, and I simply hate the choo-choo cars. You have to sit in one spot, and you can't get drinks when you want them, and strange people pat your head, just as you are dropping off to sleep, and twaddle out, 'Isn't he a darling?' while they don't know whether I am a darling or not, except for my looks, and looks are a poor thing to judge dogs or people by.

We had a long, tiresome ride, but it was lovely when we reached there, and when I saw the fields and the woods for me to run over and through, it almost paid for the trouble of getting there.

Then, when we went up to the house, there on the step was a fine-looking old cat and three small kittens. I do just love cats, so I made a bolt for the whole crowd, and such a time! The kittens flew for the door, and that old cat flew out like a perfect cyclone of claws and spitting and glaring eyes. I just backed against my mistress and stared at the fury, and then she bolted in at the door. Perhaps she was frightened, but she needn't be, for I never hurt a cat in my life.

Somehow, wherever I went I was always meeting that old cat. She spit at me from under chairs and behind tables, and I never tucked up on the sofa for a snooze but what I heard her 'miawing' somewhere.

She might spit all she wanted to, and I didn't care for her, but one of the kittens was too cunning to let alone. She was all yellow, both fur and eyes, and my! what a temper she had! I took to following her just to get her mad, which wasn't a bit nice of me; but it was fun, and it made her furious. She had the funniest little spit to her, and she looked such an absurd ball of fuzz when she hoisted her tail and back that I kept it up. One day when I had bothered her for quite a while she just sat down and looked at me, and didn't spit a bit. She seemed to be sizing me up, to see what I meant to do, and I just looked as friendly as I could, and she made up her mind that she wasn't afraid any more. After that we became great friends. The old cat never approved; I think she didn't trust me, but the kitten did, and we had great romps together. I didn't worry about getting fat that vacation, for I worked too hard, to keep up the sport with her.

But vacation came to an end, as vacations always do, and how could I leave the kitten? And I didn't. The kitten's mistress said it was a shame to separate us, and that my mistress could have the kitten, if she would carry her home. Then they put her in a bag, and drew the string up so that she could not wiggle out, and she looked too cute for anything, with her yellow head sticking out of the bag. She mewed some, but it was because she was scared, and not because the string hurt her.

They put me in the baggage car, because my mistress said she couldn't travel with such a menagerie. I hate the baggage car, the men are so very familiar, and they patted and smoothed me until I wished the journey was over. Then I am always afraid of a box falling on me. I know a dog who had his tail awfully jammed by a box falling on it. Of course, I haven't enough tail for a box to fall onto, but I have a back to be broken.

But we arrived home all safely,

and the poor kitten was so homesick that she ran right to me, and climbed up on my back and crouched down, and that is her favorite perch to this day. Sometimes she sits up straight, and sometimes she crouches down. It isn't always easy to have her there, for when she purrs and moves her paws, as she does when she is happy, it feels as if she were tearing out my hair in wads, but if it pleases her I can bear it.

People come to see us sitting so peacefully together, and a boy said, 'If you call that a cat and dog life, I don't see but what it looks like solid comfort.'

Once Upon a Time.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl who was very miserable because she was not beautiful. Every morning she looked into her mirror. She saw blue eyes which did not shine, pink lips which did not smile, a fair forehead all knotted with frowns.

One night a very strange thing happened. She had a dream. In her dream the mirror said: 'Little girl, when to-morrow comes, try all day long to help every one you meet.'

When the morning came she remembered her dream. All day she tried to help as her dream had said. That evening she looked into her mirror. She saw eyes so full of light that they fairly shone.

The next night another strange thing happened. She had another dream. In her dream the mirror said: 'Little girl, when to-morrow comes, try all day long to help every one you meet. Try to say kind words as well.'—'The Child's Hour.'

How Ruth Filled the Cup.

'Can I help too, grandma?' asked Ruth, as she sat down in the old-fashioned kitchen.

Grandma was making pudding for company, and Hannah was stuffing a big fat goose. Aunt Katie and mamma were setting the long table, and everybody was busy.

'Yes, my dear, you can pick me a cup of raisins,' said grandma.

Ruth went to work with a will and picked the raisins very fast, but somehow the cup didn't seem to get full.

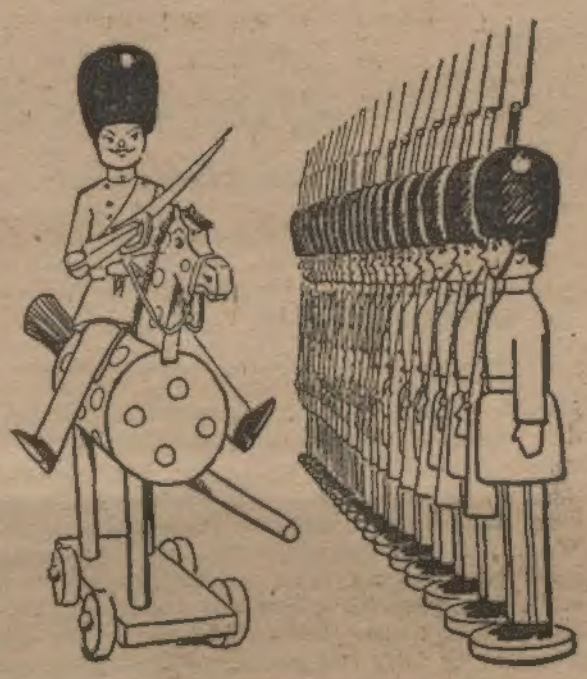
Grandma looked up just as Ruth was putting a great juicy raisin into her mouth, and then she discovered the reason.

'When you pick raisins, Ruth, you must always whistle,' said grandma, solemnly.

'Why grandma!' exclaimed Ruth, 'mamma says it's not well bred for girls to whistle.'

'If you whistle, you can't eat, my dear, and the cup will get full quicker; but singing is every bit as good, and I would like to hear you sing about little Jack Horner.'

And wasn't it queer? When Ruth began to sing that cup was full in a jiffy.—Selected.



The Review of General Wood.

The grand review was very fine;
The men were all drawn up in line;
So stiffly and so still they stood,
As well-drilled soldiers surely would!

—From 'Father Tuck's Annual,' Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

The Story of a Snow Man.

Elsie Grey had always lived in the South, and she had never seen any snow, so when she came to visit her Aunt Jane, who lived up North, one of the first things her little Cousin Freddy did for her was to make a beautiful snow man. Elsie was so delighted that she played with him all afternoon, and that night, when mamma was undressing her, she said: 'Oh, mamma, I don't see why we can't have snow at home, and make lovely snow men and things.'

'It would not be good for us to have everything we want,' said mamma.

'I will tell you a make-believe story; but we will play it really happened,' said mamma.

'There was once a beautiful, white snow man, and the children loved him, and thought he was the most beautiful snow man in the world. By and by they went indoors, and then he began to feel lonely and wished he could go too. So presently he called to the North Wind, who went roaring by, 'North Wind, please blow hard and blow me inside. I'm tired of standing here alone.' But the North Wind said, 'Snow men are not meant to go in houses.' By and by the snow man called again, 'Dear, good North Wind, somebody's left the door wide open. Do blow me in now.' So then the North Wind blew hard and blew the foolish snow man into the warm room. And what do you think happened?'

'Oh, what?' asked Elsie,

'Why, in a little while there was nothing but a puddle on the floor where the snow man had stood, and the children cried because their beautiful snow man was gone forever. So, you see, it would have been better if he had not had just what he wanted.'—'Child's Hour.'

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma.

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor sut, with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

GIRL DOLL'S INDOOR SUIT.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

N.V., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the N. valley. The valley is very pretty in summer and autumn. There is a river flowing down the centre. Winter is now here with all of its enjoyments, but it has been very cold so far, and we have had a large snow storm, and the roads are not yet broken very well.

stands on two feet, next two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

2. What flies high, lies low, wears shoes, but has not feet?

HAROLD G. EVANS.

[Your other riddle has been given, Harold. —Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Thank you very much for the brooch I received some time ago. It is very

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Squirrel.' Edna Harris, M., Mich.
2. 'The Traveller.' Brett Mitchell, (aged 10), A., N. S.
3. 'Moose Head.' Edith Lambert (aged 10), S., Ont.
4. 'A Tumbler.' Claire B. Chapman, (aged 9), C., N. S.
5. 'A Lady.' Josephine Austin (aged 9), D., Nebr.
6. 'Barquantine.' Wm. Reid, R., N.S.
7. 'A Barn.' Gordon McKay, B., North Dakota.
8. 'A Queer Trio.' Elsie May Whynot, N. A., N.S.
9. 'A Horse.' Edna Harris, M., Mich.
10. 'Clayson.' Albert C. (aged 9), S., N.B.
11. 'The "Royal" of the British Navy.' Gordon Lampitt (aged 10), S. F., Ont.

I have a mile and a half to go to school, and am in the fourth reader.

The answer to Muriel Bradley's riddle is a man must watch his pocket, and pocket his watch, and the answer to Hazel Le Gallais' riddle is Joan of Arc was Maid of Orleans. I will close with some riddles: When does the cook break the game laws? What is the difference between a hill and a pill?

HAZEL A. SMITH.

A., N.S.

Dear Editor—I am a little boy twelve years old, and I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' We have just moved from Sydney, C.B. About two weeks ago a kitten came into our house, and we kept it, it is the only pet we have. We had an awful snowstorm the other day, and it spoiled out skating. We had skating about three weeks ago for the first time. I can't answer any of this week's riddles, but can answer one of the week before. The answer to Anna Jean Robson's riddle: When is a man behind the times? Ans: When he has got a weak (week) back.

I will close with some riddles:

1. How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest?
2. If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance to escape?
3. What is that which no one wishes to have, yet no one cares to lose?
4. Why is the letter G like the sun?
5. Why should a cabman be brave?
6. Why is it easy to break into an old man's house?
7. Formed long ago, yet made to-day
   Employed while others sleep,
   What few would wish to give away,
   Yet no one cares to keep?

HAROLD McKAY.

Y., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I have two sisters and two brothers living, and I have one sister dead. In the winter I skate and sleigh-ride. For pets I have two cats, their names are Pat Tiger, and Jimmy Mike. We are having our old church repaired, and expect to have a re-opening before long. I will close with some riddles:

1. Make three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete, and let two semi-circles on a perpendicular meet; Next add a triangle that

pretty. I attend the Congregational Church, and also the Sabbath school. Our minister comes from Scotland. He has crossed the Atlantic seven times. We caught a young crow last summer, and he became very tame. We called him Tommy. He would come to meet us when we were coming home from school, flapping his wings and apparently trying to talk to us. He would jump up on our shoulder or arm, and would eat food from our hand. But one morning, when we went out we found him lying on the ground, dead, where he had fallen from his perch. There is a very nice lake on the corner of our farm, and in summer quite a few fish are caught in it. Here is a riddle:

There is a Bible character whose name is not mentioned in the Bible, who died as none other died, and whose body never saw corruption?

I think the answer to 'A Reader's' second puzzle is 'as long as he was able (Abel)'

To the fourth 'when it is wrung.'

ADDIE STEAD.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor, We haven't had any school since holidays, because we couldn't get a teacher, but we have a nice teacher coming at the beginning of the year. I tried the Entrance Examination this summer, but was sorry to hear I failed. I think I failed in grammar. The subjects I like best at school are geography and drawing.

This summer there was a girl here who had an adventure with a bear. She was getting up in a cherry tree, and, hearing a growl, she jumped right from where she was standing, and ran. The bear came down, but he seemed to be taken up with the cherries on the ground. Her pape came and shot the bear. I was down visiting another little girl, and we ran across and saw it. OLIVE HAGGERTY (aged 12.)

O. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and am in the third class at school. O. S. is a large town, nestling at the southern extremity of Georgian Bay. The town is completely surrounded by hills, except on the north, where the bay stretches. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. When we have finished reading them, we send them to people who never get them. ALICE WESTLAKE.

E., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have only been in this country since June 23, I do not know much about it, but I must say that the part I have seen is the finest land I ever saw. I used to live in the city of Birmingham, England, which is a place with a lot of big buildings, but I must say Canadians are a dozen times better than the English, or part of them; of course, some of them are all right. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school, and the lady I live with is one of the teachers.

I have seven more brothers and sisters in England, so I have plenty of them, and I am the eldest of them all, my own age being 14. The places in England are a lot larger than they are here, and they are all made of bricks.

A. E. F.

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My cousin and I went down to Moreton's Harbor on a visit to see our aunt; it was the first time that we were down there. We did not have a pleasant time owing to so much dirty weather. It was very rough when we went down, but it was only a short visit, so we did not mind it very much. We were little over an hour going down. How many readers of the 'Messenger' like going to Sunday School? I do. I think it would be a very lonesome afternoon if I could not get to Sunday school. I have not got very far to go to Sunday School, but quite a little way to church. I knew quite a lot of riddles I saw in the 'Messenger.' Now I am going to ask if anyone can tell the names of the books of the 'Apocrypha,' and how many books there are. We have one that belonged to my great-grandfather. The book is very old, but the reading is just as good.

FLORENCE SCEVIOUR.

S. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. I live on a farm. I have no brothers. My father is a farmer and carpenter. We keep two pigs, three cows, one horse, a dog and a cat. The dog is the only playmate I have when I am home.

I am setting rabbit snares on the halves with J. K., back in our woods; we have caught two rabbits and a skunk. Hope to do better soon.

W. HEDLEY LAWSON.

OTHER LETTERS.

Gilchrist D. Allan, C., N.B., says he has been ill, but we hope he is quite well by now. He sends this riddle: What is the difference between a muslin dress in winter and an extracted tooth?

Muriel Tucker, T. M., N.S., sends in two riddles, but forgot to enclose the answers.

W. J. D., Ont., also forgot to enclose answers to his riddles.

Margaret Gordon, P.C., Ont., sends this:—There is a little red house, and inside it a little white house, inside this are four little rooms with four little negroes in each.

Rachael McK. Ross, T., N.S., sends in two answers to riddles, one right, the other wrong. The first riddle you give has been already given, Rachel, but the second is new to this page:—What is it that the more it goes the less tired it grows?

Hazel Carson, N., Alta., goes to school 'every day that it is fit to go.' The two answers you give have since been printed, Hazel, and so have all but one of your riddles. This is new, however: Why is it senseless to go into the water after a meal?

Amy V. S., N. F., Ont., sends three answers. One is wrong, but the other two have since been printed. This is a question she sends—What name in the Bible means a man calling and his son answering?

Ruby Johnston, M., Sask., does not go to school in the winter, as it is too cold, but she is taking music lessons and has an organ.

Willie Kerr, E., Ont., is one of our new correspondents. This is a riddle he sends: Why is a billygoat like a button hole?

Laura Dunbar, P., Ont., we are pleased to see, thinks that the editor must be nice. 'Thanks awfully.' You seem to have had a fine Christmas gathering, Laura. It's too bad your riddles have been already asked.

Little letters have also been received from Edna M. Harris, M., Mich., Elsie M. Whynot, N. A., N.S., Retta Anderson, K., Ont., and Brett Mitchell, A., N.S.

A Story of a Little Life.

'What is your name?' asked the teacher.

'Tommy Brown, ma'am,' answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, hollow eyes and pale cheeks, that told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes made for some one else, with cloth of different colors.

'How old are you, Tommy?'

'Nine years old come next April. I've learned to read at home, and I can cipher a little.'

'Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?'

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hand, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no one could tell. Presently he said, 'I never went to school 'cause— 'cause—well, mother takes in washin' an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, and she minds the baby besides.'

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, 'Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?' And another sang, 'You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes!' Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the boy was 'old Si Brown, who was always as drunk as a fiddler.'

The poor child looked around on his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and then with two kind ladies went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with steam of the soapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before the wash tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them, but the color and light had gone out of her face, leaving only sharp outlines and haggardness of expression. She asked them to sit down; then taking a chair herself, she said, 'Sissy, give me the baby.' A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby that she laid in its mother's lap, a lean, sickly-looking baby with the same hollow eyes that Tommy had.

'Your baby doesn't look strong, said one of the ladies. 'No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and it affects her.'

'Where is your little Tommy?' asked one of the visitors. 'He is there in the trundle-bed,' replied the mother.

'Is he sick?'

'Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going te get well.' At this tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

'What is the matter with him?'

'He never was very strong, and he's had to work too hard carrying water and helping me lift wash tubs and things like that. Of late he has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to take care of Sissy and baby and me. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood at the door and watched him going.'

'I can never forget how the little fellow looked,' she continued, the tears streaming down her face, 'his patched-up clothes, his poor little anxious look. He turned around to me as he left the yard, and said, "Don't you worry, mother, I won't mind what the boys say," But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was years ago. If it was, it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but oh! I can't bear to see my children suffer.'

Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly, and stole a thin little arm around her mother's neck. 'Don't cry, mother,' she whispered, 'don't cry,' The woman made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

'Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it was no use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. It seemed he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy, and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd been sick anyway. But oh! my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!' she cried. 'How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so.'

One of the ladies went to the bed. There he lay, poor, little, defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds! Would that the law was more jealous of the rights of little waifs!

His face was flushed and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long, purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, when he said, 'Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking.' Then in his queer piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered, 'I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me the drunkard's child, and make fun of my old clothes.'

He turned his head feebly on his pollow and then said in a lower tone, 'Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid father—will be dead —before then.'

Then he shut his eyes from weariness. The next morning the sun shone on the dead face of little Tommy.—'Western Christian Union.'

Richest Man in the World Advises Total Abstinence.

John D. Rockefeller attended a prayer meeting according to his custom in the Euclid Avenue Baptish Church in Cleveland, Ohio, a while ago, and made an address. Among other things he said:

'Let me importune every one here, to abstain from strong drink. No matter where we go, we see so much of the effects of liquor. Homes and families are ruined by this curse alone. Why will men fall victims to the poison? No man can succeed in business who uses strong drink, and no person has a place in better society who falls to its power.

'Men start out by taking a tipple. These hot days make summer drinks inviting to some, so they take a little. But that little too often proves a little too much, and men go down to ruination. It is that first little drop that paves the way.

'And right here I can say before my Maker that never in my life have I tasted a drop of drink. Even a little has been far too much for me to bear, and I could not take a drop now. A little is too much for any man.'

More and more each year leading men in all callings and all nations are coming out and taking a bold stand for total abstinence from strong drink.—'Lincoln Magazine.'

Fight the Drink.

'For the homes where sin is raging,
Fight the drink,
For the wives whose hearts are breaking,
Fight the drink.
For the love of God and right,
Let us go forth in His might,
We shall win if we unite,
Fight the drink.'

The Unclosed Door.

Two gentlemen sat near the door of a railroad car on a cold morning. A young man went out, and left the door ajar. One of the gentlemen arose and shut it, and said, 'This makes twice that I shut the door after that man during the last few minutes. Somebody will probably have to do it for him as long as he lives.'

What an amount of work just in shutting doors will this young man impose on others during his life! Boys, shut the door after you! It is selfish and mean to take advantage of other people by making them do your work for you.—Selected.

Value of Pictures

The more people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures of current events — for they contribute delightfully at a glance to a still further education.

* * *

The less people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures, because they tell them at a glance of interests of which they cannot or perhaps will not read. That is why they please and instruct the children.

* * *

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OR JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 27, 1907.

The Story of Cain and Abel.

Genesis iv., 3-15.

Golden Text.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. —I. John iii., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 21.—Gen. iv., 1-15.
Tuesday, Jan. 22.—Gen. iv., 16-26.
Wednesday, Jan. 23.—Deut. xxi., 1-9.
Thursday, Jan. 24.—Ps. li., 1-19.
Friday, Jan. 25.—Matt. v., 13-26.
Saturday, Jan. 26.—Eph. iv., 17-32.
Sunday, Jan. 27.—I. John iii. 1-24.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The next picture flashed upon the inimitable canvas of Genesis shows the seed of God and the seed of the serpent in that mortal combat which had just been foretold. The tragic scene holds the eye. The stream of human life seems there to part. On the one hand it flows in larger volume, casting up mire and dirt, foaming out its own shame, sending forth its ominous detonations, falling at length with a Niagara roare into the abyss of hell. The smaller stream has a gentle flow. Heaven is mirrored on its surface. It empties at length into the sea of glass before the throne.

The eldest brothers of the race, at the close of a heptade, approach the gate of the lost paradise, where there was a permanent theophany, a pre-Mosaic shekinah, flaming from between the sentinel cherubim. They build their respective altars; it is possibly the very first instance of sacrifice.

Cain, in his perversity, chose to make a eucharistic offering, an oblation signifying only gratitude. He was not even particular that his fruits should be the first of their kind. He presented his own works. There was no confession, contrition, or faith. The only motive was to 'keep on good terms with God.' Cain was the progenitor of the long line of Pharisees, unhappily not yet extinct, who go to the temple to make an exhibition of themselves and their good works.

Abel makes an expiatory sacrifice, as well as a eucharistic one. That he offered both is sufficiently indicated by the expression in Hebrew, God testifying of his gifts. But the expiatory offering is the more conspicuous. It was choice: the fattest of the firstlings. In it there was a confession of sin, an expression of faith. Abel is first of the long line of publicans who have since gone down to their homes justified after having laid all their deadly doing down, and cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

There was no arbitrary election of Abel, or reprobation, or even preterition, of Cain. The case was decided by the subjective state and intent of the worshipper's heart. The form and quality of the gift was the material and objective expression of this. Abel's offering complied exactly with the form no doubt explicitly prescribed. It was therefore an expression of obedience. So by faith Abel offered a greater (literally) sacrifice than Cain. God turned the light of his countenance upon Abel's lamb with its ensanguined fleece, and set it on fire.

That moment another, a hateful flame, sprang up in Cain's heart—malicious envy! murderous jealousy! His lofty pride in himself and the fruits of his industry was cut to the quick. I have never seen it hinted anywhere, but why should it be thought improbable that this whole scene, evidently exemplary and educative, should have transpired in full view of a large congregation? That there was already a considerable population is indicated in this very chapter. This affords additional explanation of the superlative degree of Cain's disappointment and anger.

The long suffering patience of God! He is not willing that any shall perish. To the disappointed man standing beside his flameless altar and rejected offering, himself all aflame with murderous passion, his downcast face indicating that he was brooding a deed never done before, God spoke from the shekinah, persuasively, but firmly: 'If you had brought the prescribed offering and in the right spirit, yours would have been as certainly accepted as your brother's. It is not too late for you yet to go and get a lamb, a sin offering. It is just to your hand. You have not lost quite your right of primogeniture. Your brother will still submit to your rule.' But Cain is obdurate. To all intents he is damned before he is dead.

He beguiles his brother into the open. He mockingly preaches to him there. He blasphemously rails against God's partiality, until his fiery speech, like intoxicating liquor, has nerved him to his deed. He strikes the fratricidal blow.

How soon at best judgment and retribution follow the sinner! There is neither escape nor appeal from the Great White Throne. The cumulative and defiant power of sin manifests itself. Adam fled. Cain dared approach the Theophany after his deed. Adam confessed. Cain denied, with insolent additions.

Cain's repentance was judicial. It was the groan of the villain who feels the halter draw. Like all murderers, he sees the earth full of avengers,' and is in terror.

In the first great contest between the serpent seed and the seed of God, the latter, as in many a subsequent encounter, seems to be in defeat. But, after all, it is only the heel that is wounded. Abel survives in those who imitate him. Though dead, he speaks. Jesus ranks him head of all the holy martyrs.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Seed of God and Devil in conflict.
2. Cain's unacceptable offering.
   Oblation not sacrifice.
   No confession in it.
3. Abel's in contrast.
   What made it acceptable?
4. Cain's jealousy.
   Source and nature of it.
5. The first murder.
   Adam and Cain in contrast.
6. Abel's survival.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Sin's hideous features stand out in blackest silhouette in this paragraph. Adam and Eve realize the hateful stream of hereditary influences their sin has started down the ages. How poignant the first mother's disappointment when she discovers that he, whom with 'womanly precipitancy' she had called the 'Gotten One,' turned out to be not a 'crusher of the serpent,' but one of the serpent's seed! That motherly foreboding which led her to name her second son 'swiftly disappearing breath of life,' had a terrible realization. Well may Schiller sing:

'That evil deed's avenging curse it is
That evil evermore it shall beget.'

* * * *

These lessons reveal God as directly interested and watchful in the moral actions of His intelligent creatures. God is more concerned in men than He is in worlds and systems. His regard has not abated, though sixty centuries have passed. Their infinite multiplication and the interminable maze of the interlacing interests can never outgrow the powers of His infinite mind. God knows us as intimately as He did Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, and nothing can be hid from Him with whom we have to do.

* * * *

God is after the sinner. He was on Adam's track before sundown, and Cain's as early. His fateful questions, Where art thou? Who told thee? Hast thou eaten? Where is thy brother? What is this that thou hast done? still ring in the guilty conscience.

* * * *

The motives and modes of worship are here portrayed. There is no finer commentary upon the parable of the Pharisee and Sinner. How many vain offerings and gifts! They amount to nothing. The answer will be, 'I never knew you!' The crucial test of destiny is the attitude of the soul toward the Lamb once offered.

* * * *

Golden moments,—don't lose them, allowing any one to chatter about such an insignificant matter, for example, as 'Cain's mark.' It was not a mystic letter on the brow, or a horn growing out of the forehead, or a robe, or an attendant dog. In fact, it was nothing on Cain at all; but God appointed to Cain a token or sign (as He gave the rainbow to Noah), to assure him he should not be killed. 'Why didn't God allow Cain to be killed?' Not because He needed him to keep seed alive on the earth; but to show that 'tares are to grow with wheat, and sin develop itself to its utmost extent.'

* * * *

A lesson with application this! Don't fail to press it lovingly; but press it. Which altar is yours, Cain's or Abel's? The moralist stands at Cain's altar, and is nigh to cursing. Abel's altar of faith is the way to salvation.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 27.—Topic—Home missions: The progress of the Indian. Isa. xliii., 16-21.

Be Slow to Judge Your Pupils.

A teacher in a public school in an eastern city one afternoon found one of her pupils fast asleep. She wakened him rather roughly, and bade him attend to his lessons. The next day she found him asleep again. She gave him a sound shaking, and said, 'If this happens again, your will go to the principal for punishment.' It did happen again, and the boy was sent to the principal with a note from the teacher explaining his conduct, and declaring that the boy was too stupid to remain in school. The principal read the note, looked at the boy, and said, 'My lad, tell me why you sleep in school?' The boy hung his head and made no reply. The principal called the boy to his side and said, 'I am sure there is a reason for this. Surely no boy would sleep in school unless he had good cause to do so, and I assure you that I will be glad to aid you if I can. Come, tell me all about it.' Assured by this kindly treatment the boy said, 'Well, if I must tell you I will. I have no father. My mother washes every day to earn bread for us, and to pay the rent. My little sister is sick now, and mother can't go out to wash. So, to help her, I get up at four o'clock and carry the morning papers to the houses in our end of the city. I get home late in the morning, cold and hungry. We haven't much to eat. Then I come to school, and along in the afternoon I get so sleepy I can't keep awake. The teacher scolded me, and sent me up here. That's all there is about it.' The principal put his hand on the boy's head, and said, 'You're a brave fellow. I do understand, my boy, and if I can I mean to help you. Help your mother, come to school, never mind what the teacher said. She didn't know.' What the principal said to that teacher you may conjecture. If we knew the facts we would not so harshly and so hastily judge.—Prof. Brumbaugh, in the 'S. S. Times.'

To Save Disappointment The very advantageous terms on which we were enabled to offer 'Messenger' subscribers the 'Canadian Pictorial' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one year or only seventy five cents are about to be withdrawn by the Pictorial Publishing Company. As already indicated, the low price of the 'Pictorial' was for introduction purposes merely. We therefore give notice that after January 15th the price for the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for a year each will be one dollar for the club. BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE 75 CENT RATE WHILE IT LASTS. Address all subscriptions to John Dougall and Son, publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Children's Logic.

She was five years old, and had never had her picture taken. When she was a baby it was not convenient, and when she grew old enough to understand what being photographed meant, she developed such a strong objection to the operation that it was deferred.

A suggestion that she should have her picture taken 'for papa's birthday' met with such a sad protest of 'Oh, no, mamma; please not,' that her mother abandoned the project. While an invitation to 'come down town and be photographed for mamma's Christmas' fared no better.

'Well,' said auntie, forcibly, 'I think you are a very foolish little girl to object like this, and you are selfish, too, when you know how much your mamma would like to have it.'

'It doesn't seem as if I could have it took this Christmas,' answered the little girl, with a pathetic quiver of her under lip.

Her young uncle joked with her about it. 'You are right, Flutter-budget,' said he; 'having your picture taken hurts worse than going to the dentist's.'

They told visitors of the unaccountable prejudice, and the visitors laughed.

'Any one would think she was grown up,' one observed. 'That is the way we feel.'

The little maid bore the various remarks in silence. Finally one night, as she was being put to bed, she clasped warm arms around her mother's neck.

'Do you want to have my picture, very much, mamma?' she asked.

'Yes, very much indeed,' responded mamma instantly. 'I want it more than anything else you could do for me.'

The child sighed. 'Then,' she said, 'I will have it tooked to-morrow.'

The mother kissed her, and went downstairs triumphantly to tell of her victory.

Before retiring, she went as usual to the child's bed to make sure she was all right, The round cheeks were flushed and wet, the little bosom was still heaving. Molly had cried herself to sleep. 'What could have been the matter?' said the unconscious mother.

Next morning they dressed her in her best, and took her to be photographed. They thought that when they reached the place they could dispel her fears; but it was a very serious little face that confronted the camera, and when they told her she must smile, the smile was more pathetic than tears. She was photographed, They were not satisfied with her expression, but it was the best that could be done, so they scolded a little, laughingly, and brought her home.

Presently a friend who was visiting at the house missed Molly, and went in search of her. She found her in the nursery alone. She was sitting in her little chair with a strange expression on her face. The child was gazing, wide-eyed, straight before her, with a brave, exalted look. Each dimpled hand clasped firmly an arm of her little chair, and even the small slippered feet were planted as if to resist a shock. The visitor had the sense to be a little frightened.

'Why, Molly,' said she hastily, 'what's the matter?'

'I am waiting,' answered Molly, calmly, 'to die. I've had my picture tooked, you know.'

At least one of the stupid grown-up folks who surrounded the child understood that it might be well to get at the reason of her prejudice against being photographed. So the visitor gathered Molly in her arms, and by dint of gentle and judicious questioning discovered that Molly supposed that all persons who had their pictures taken were obliged to depart this life at once.

In the family photograph album, which Molly had seen exhibited many a time were whole ranks of the dear departed, and when it was being looked at, she was accustomed to hearing such sentences as these:

'This is Grandpa Howard, he died five years ago.' 'That is Aunt Mary, she died just before I was married. Molly was named for her.' 'Jennie's little boy. It is very good, just taken before he died.'

And listening Molly had drawn her conclusion from what seemed to her a perfectly reliable promise. The visitor ran and got the album, and opening it, showed the child more than one familiar face who was alive and well. She assured her that she had been photographed herself a number of times without dying at all. Molly listened ,at first incredulously, but presently there was 'a sound of a strained chord breaking,' and Molly burst into tears. The weeping was long and convulsive, but it saved her. Her remorseful relations hovered about her with tenderest caresses, but for some time she could not be comforted. The tension had been too great. It was over—by and by—and the little girl became her sunny self again. She has travelled far on life's pathway since. She has known a woman's cares and trials, but she has never suffered again as she did at the time she had her first picture taken. She is not sorry for that early experience, for through it she has learned one lesson. And her children have been so intelligently as well as lovingly guarded that they have never suffered as she did either.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

SALMON SOUP.—To make salmon soup place a good sized slice of onion in a quart of milk. Heat them together, but, when the milk has come to a boil, remove the onion. In the meantime take a tablespoonful of flour and a good-sized piece of butter and cream them together, then add a little hot milk, and, when the mixture is of proper consistence, add it to the already boiled milk. Mix the two together thoroughly, then add a can of salmon—being careful to see that all the bones have been discarded—and when the soup has come to a boil and has been removed from the stove, but not before, season it to taste with salt.

FRENCH BREAD.—Dissolve one ounce of yeast, one and one-half ounces of salt and the same quantity of sugar, in two quarts of water. Mix in flour enough to make a nice, smooth dough of medium consistency. It must not be too stiff; to be too thin would be just as serious a defect. Work it until the dough no longer adheres either to the hand or to the sides of the bowl; then cover it with a cloth and let it rise until it has just doubled its size.

This will require between four and five hours. As soon as it begins to sink again work it over well and set it to rise again. When this has well risen divide the dough into equal pieces and mould it into the shape desired. If you like the large, round loaf—the 'family bread,' as it is called—make the loaves as large and as round as you may desire, or, on the other hand, you may make the long, slim loaves that are more common in the foreign restaurants. As soon as the dough has been moulded place the loaves on a board which has previously been sprinkled with flour and set it to rise once more. Be careful that the loaves are placed so far apart that they cannot touch one another, and, when they have nearly doubled their previous size, transfer them to the baking pan, wash them over with a mixture of eggs and water, make diagonal cuts half way across each loaf, and place them in the already heated oven.

To make French rolls, the genuine 'bourrelets,' place about a pint and a half of fresh milk on the stove and let it come to a boil. At that moment remove it and add two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar, if sweetening is desired. When this has been dissolved two well-beaten eggs are added, and about a quart and a half of flour is stirred into the mixture, or enough to make a stiff batter. This must then be beaten until the air bubbles accumulate all over its surface, after which it is covered with a cloth and is left in a warm place over night in order that it may rise well. In the morning it is kneaded lightly, with about a pint of flour, and, when the dough is soft, the loaves may be shaped. These are left to rise for another hour before the baking pan is placed in the oven.

Religion at Home.

I heard once of a young person who went to live in a home supposed to be a thoroughly religious home. She said afterward that from what she saw in that home she was inclined to think there was very little in religion. She saw disagreement and contention, and strife, and unkindness, which did much to lead her toward infidelity. Lovers of Christ, is there not for us a very solemn lesson in this? How closely all we do and say is watched by the world; and if they see in us exhibitions of temper, anger, passion, unkindly feeling, censoriousness, etc., how greatly it will tend to undo all the influence of our professions and our efforts for the cause of God.

One of the great wants of the age is more of Christ in the homes. Let us get so much of the religion of Jesus that we will everywhere exhibit the mind and temper of Christ. Christ said: 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.' He may be lifted up in our lives, and if so, the drawing influence may be felt. It matters not how gifted the minister or leader, or Christian worker; if there be exhibitions in his life of those things not in harmony with his teachings, its neutralizes his best efforts. Nothing can take the place of a consistent life. Jesus is saying to-day: 'Return to thine own home, and show how great things Jesus hath done unto thee.' We can show by mild Christian temper what He has done, and the world will be powerfully drawn to Him. 'Primitive Methodist.'

The Kitchen Floor.

If the floor is of hard wood, oak or ash, and perfectly smooth, use a quart of linseed-oil thinned with a pint of turpentine. Apply with a rag or brush, and rub hard with a heavy flannel rag.

If it is an old kitchen floor, it is best to fill up all cracks with putty, and use a good stain. Make the putty at home. Sift two pounds of whiting into an earthen bowl, make a hole in the middle, and pour in gradually, stirring and pounding all the time, enough raw linseed-oil to make it the proper consistency. For deep, wide floor cracks it should be as stiff as biscuit dough. Such cracks should be first stopped with a sliver of wood kept in place with small-sized brads driven across first from one side, then the other.

Then cram the crack with putty, smooth off the top, being careful not to smear the floor. The sliver of wood keeps the putty from breaking and falling out. Where the crack is too small for the wood, drive the small nails crisscross in the crack, and they

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will hold the putty. Loose boards in the floor should be firmly nailed in place. Get enough smooth quarter-inch stuff to close the base-board crack, and nail securely in place. The floor should be thoroughly dry before putty or oil is used.

Better than oiling is staining. The following will give a beautiful floor: Half a gallon of raw linseed-oil, half a gallon of spirits of turpentine, mix well with one ounce of Indian red. This gives a cherry stain. For an oak stain, use the same amount of oil and turpentine with one ounce of raw umber. Give one or two coats, rub lightly with sandpaper, then give a single coat of colorless shellac varnish. If the floor is rough, it is well to use the following filler. Mix thoroughly half a gallon of oil and turpentine, half a pint of sifted corn-starch, and half a pint of sifted whiting. Stir well, and apply all over the wood. Let it dry before putting on the stain.

It is some trouble to use this stain, but the result is worth all the trouble. The floor should be wiped up with a damp rug occasionally, but scrubbing is done away with. If newspapers are laid about the stove and before the table when cooking, the amount of floor cleaning is greatly lessened.—'Home and Farm.'

Religious Notes.

When Bishop Thoburn went out to India as a missionary thirty-eight years ago, a certain 'wise' European gentleman pointed to a brick pillar and said, 'You might as well undertake to make a Christian out of that pillar as out of these people.' And, behold, to-day, not far from 3,000,000 native Christians in that same peninsula, and among them judges, lawyers, physicians, editors, teachers, men of business, etc., commanding the highest respect and wielding wide influence!—'Missionary Review.

A remarkable figure passes away from the missionary and sinological world by the death in Tokio of the Right Rev. Bishop Scheres-chewsky. Born in Poland more than seventy years ago, he early reached the United States, where he received his education. Possessed of remarkable linguistic gifts, these were turned to special account when he entered the Protestant Episcopal Church of America and offered himself for the mission field. Coming out to China, he became, we believe, the first American Bishop of his Church there, and labored long an dearnestly in her service. A stroke of paralysis about twenty years ago forced him to relinquish his episcopal office, but after a short visit to America he returned to the East, settling down in Tsukiji.

Then began the work which will render him famous in the annals of the schoolmen. Deprived of the powers of locomotion and the use of his hands, he yet set to work to translate the Bible into Wen-li for the benefit of China's millions. Year in, year out, the devoted, though sorely stricken man continued his task, and after completing it set to work on another translation of the Holy Book into the Mandarin tongue. This finished, he began to prepare a reference Bible in Wen-li, Mandarin and other dialects, and had reached the Gospel according to St. Matthew when the summons came.—From the 'Japan Weekly Mail.'

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Children's Growth.

Some remarkable facts in regard to influence of school life on the physical development of children have been gathered by Dr. Semwidt-Mounard, of Leipzig, who has spent several years in making observations which have enabled him to arrive at certain definite conclusions. In the first place, he maintains that exact information as to the manner in which attendance at school affects the growth and weight of children, is hardly attainable, but, on the other hand, he says positively that during the first year at school the growth of children, both as regards height and weight, is less than it was during any preceding year. Thus, he says that during this first year at school the average child gains only two and one-half pounds in weight, instead of four pounds as heretofore, and only increases five centimeters in height, instead of seven.

Further, he claims that children who do not go to school until they are seven years old become stronger, and are in all other respects better developed, than those who go to school a year sooner.—'Annals of Gynecology and Pediatry.'

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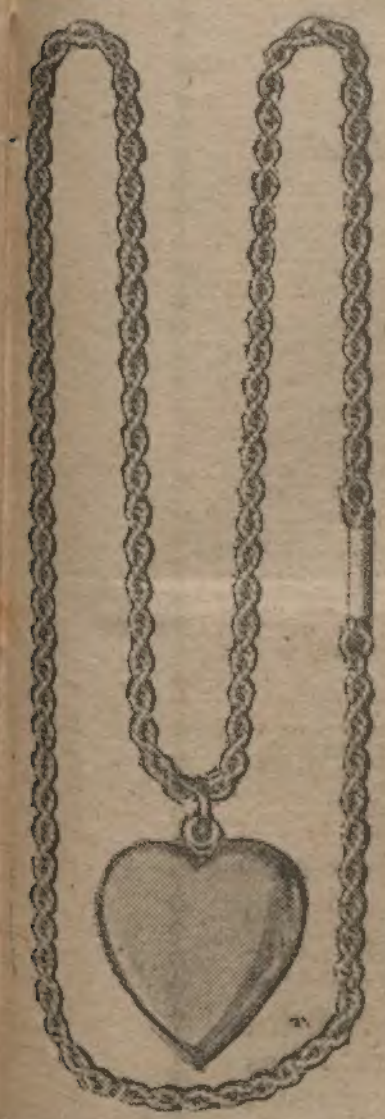

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